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# ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

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WHOLE NO. 126.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

From the True Wesleyan.

## Brief History of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise.

Slavery is a doomed institution—the wheel of revolution has been put in motion which never rolls backward—the fires of reform have kindled and consumed much of it from the world, and shed their light upon the cruel and dark corruptions of what remains, exposing it to the world's piercing gaze. Its final overthrow is written in the volume of the world's history not yet, but soon to be opened. The day is not far distant when all men will consider that slavery is a crime against God and man, and that it is to be free, and above all that it ever found advocates in a professed Christian church.

From the day that Anti-Slavery light was kindled in England, it has steadily burned and spread with an increasing flame.

BRIEF HISTORY.

The great Somerset case was decided in England in 1782. In this it was decided by the Court of King's Bench, Lord Mansfield presiding, that slaves could not be held under the "common law" of England. Adverse opinions had been previously given, which marks the progress of the public opinion. This great result was principally the fruit of the efforts of an individual, Liberty's first champion, Granville Sharpe.

The history of the abolition of the slave trade in England, is not less significant. Organized effort for the abolition of the slave trade, may be dated at the first meeting of the committee in 1787.

In 1793 the first effort in Parliament on slavery was made.

Efforts were made in 1789, and 1790, and 1791, but with no prospect of success.

The question of abolition was treated in Parliament as anti-slavery petitions were by our Congress, the first few years of the anti-slavery struggle. In 1789 three hundred thousand persons refrained from voting altogether; there was no free-labor sugar at that time.

In 1792 and 1793, a simple resolution by Mr. Wilberforce, condemning slavery, was lost in the House of Commons.

In 1795 and 1796, the effort was renewed and negatived.

In 1797, 1798, Mr. Wilberforce's bill was defeated.

Nothing was done until 1804, when a bill passed the House of Commons, but was defeated by the Lords.

In 1805 it was renewed and lost.

In 1806 the bill passed both houses.

It was a struggle for eighteen years.

It was carried on by British subjects for the purpose of obtaining slaves on the coast of Africa, ought to be abolished.

It was negatived and barred out of the House of Commons 17 times, and admitted twice.

In 1806, (June 10), Mr. Fox moved that the House, considering the slave trade to be contrary to the principles of justice, humanity and policy, with all practicable expedition, take effective measures for its abolition.

Carried by 114 to 15, in the Commons, and 11 to 20 in the Lords.

In 1807, Lord Granville brought into the House of Lords "A bill for the abolition of the slave trade."

Passed by 100 to 36, and in Commons by 233 to 16.

This shows how steadily onward the march of public opinion has been.

In the history of West India Emancipation, we find another illustration of the same steady advance of public opinion, bearing down all opposition before it, in its onward march.

God has chosen the weak things of this world to confound the wise. The doctrine of immediate abolition is said to have been first advanced and advocated by a female, Elizabeth Heyrick.

The anti-slavery society of London embraced the doctrine of immediate emancipation in 1820. From the very day the effort commenced, it increased in interest and energy. Onward, and still onward rolled the cry of emancipation, until Parliament was overwhelmed with petitions. The cry emanated from the land, until all who were in power, and all who desired to get in power, office-holders and office-seekers, were compelled to yield to the voice of justice and mercy, and echo the sound back from the halls of legislation. The Emancipation bill was passed in 1833, and took effect in 1834.

The history of the Anti-Slavery enterprise in our own country, is not only a volume of instruction, to teach us what is past, but a prophetic star guiding us with the beams of hope, the early dawn of the slave's redemption.

Modern abolitionism commenced its organized efforts in this country in 1833, when the 'American Anti-Slavery Society' was organized. Soon followed the violence of mob-law, the press poured out the heads of the abolitionists its bitterest curses and foulest misrepresentations—the secular and religious press united to abuse the friends of the slave. Presidents and Governors in their annual messages, shook over them the rod of civil authority, and the church kindled the fires of persecution upon her altars, whence should have been breathed, only love and mercy for the robbed, crushed, and bleeding bondman.

The first meeting called to organize a State society in Ohio, New York, was broken up by a mob. The Governor of New York, in an annual message, called the anti-slavery Legislature to the consideration of the propriety of suppressing abolition movements, by civil enactments. An anti-slavery mob bore rule in the city of New York during three days. In Boston a female anti-slavery society was seized and led through the streets with a halter round her neck. In 1837, Mr. Lovejoy was murdered for attempting to maintain the freedom of the press.

The history of the ecclesiastical anti-slavery movement, is no less striking in its character. In 1835, Bishops Hedding and Emory, of the M. E. Church, put forth an address, in which they exhorted all concerned, to close all Methodist pulpits against anti-slavery lectures. In 1836 the General Conference advised all the ministers and members of the M. E. Church, to wholly refrain from agitating the subject of slavery. This advice was construed by the Bishops to possess the force of law, and members and ministers were tried, suspended and expelled, for violating it. Ministers were tried and condemned for attending anti-slavery meetings, and for speaking and writing against slavery. These facts are given merely as specimens of the spirit of those times.

From the Practical Christian.

## Fellowship of Slaveholders.

THE CHRISTIAN WORLD answers the question,—"Should we exclude slaveholders from our Church fellowship?" in the negative. It says: "We know that many slaveholders are as honest, sincere and generous, as ready to make sacrifices when duty calls, as we are ourselves—what right have we then to say that they are not Christians?" But in order to prove that slaveholders may be Christians, the World has to reduce Christianity to its lowest possible terms, and in our opinion, to destroy entirely its distinctive character—its character as a system of positive and absolute truth and righteousness. It says: "If [Christianity] consists in a general purpose to do right—in acting up to our light, as we have it, and seeking more—then may a slaveholder well come under this category." And it takes for granted that this is Christianity! What then is the use of the term? Why not substitute for a Lydian Spooner's term: "moral justice," or "natural law"? There would then be no seeming exclusion of atheists even from the true church. Atheists, we suppose, sometimes "act up to the light they have, and seek more." There is, at least, as much evidence to our mind that many of them do, as there is that any slaveholders do. But will the World be consistently charitable enough to admit that the atheist may therefore be a Christian? We rather think not. Nor does charity require any such admission. Such a man may not be a bad man, he may be a very worthy man, and have a claim to our respect and affection, but to say that he is a Christian, merely because he follows this light, is to make Christianity a nullity. Soul of Tarsus followed his light in persecuting the early church of the Savior—he was therefore a Christian at that time! No one will pretend this, and nothing appears to us farther from the truth than the position that "Christianity consists in a general purpose to do right." If this, their Christianity is as old as man, and not a special system of Religion founded by Jesus of Nazareth. But to be Christians, we must follow the light that was in Christ—the light of his example, spirit, precepts. "If any one have not his spirit, he is none of his," though he follow his own light even unto martyrdom.

The World contends that in excluding a slaveholder who follows the light he has, and seeks more, from Christian fellowship, we really exclude him for his opinions, not his actions. Well, where is the harm in excluding men from Christian fellowship for their opinions, when that opinion is, that men may be innocently plundered of all their rights, and held in the worst form of bondage the sun ever looked upon? This is an unchristian and diabolical opinion, and if universally reduced to practice, would make the earth a hell. It is a sin for a man to hold such an opinion—an evidence of an inhuman, unchristian heart. But it is not for their opinions merely that Abolitionists would have slaveholders excluded from Christian fellowship, it is for their "actions." We exclude those who actually hold their slaves as slaves—and by the use of the avowed, which is the only way they can be held.

But what does the World mean by "Christian fellowship"? If it simply mean Christian courtesy, kindness, love, then we also would go against excluding slaveholders or any body else from it. We would mingle with "publicans and sinners" in the spirit and for the purpose in which and for which Christ mingled with them. But this is not the sense in which the term "Christian fellowship" is generally used. It is generally used to express those acts by which we recognize a man as a Christian, a true disciple of Jesus. And we say that they who follow slaveholders in this sense, give respectability and therefore permanency to slavery. They ought not then to be received into a Church, or at a Communion Table—not, we mean, if such recipients of them are considered as endorsements of their Christian character. But the World says: "If a drunkard, if a pirate, if a murderer wishes to come into our Christian Society, and have our sympathy and love, we say let him in. If he is in, we can warn him of his guilt and danger, we can point out the horrible character of his life, we will recognize that 'drunkard, pirate, murderer' as a Christian!—whether he shall be treated in Christian love or not is another question entirely, and one which we, of course, answer with an emphatic affirmative. We go for loving and doing good even to our worst enemies under all possible circumstances—the cross of Christ being our example. Nor does it follow that if we refuse to fellowship slaveholders as Christians, we must therefore hate and injure them. Their own good requires this disavowal, as well as the good of the world—fore promptly!"

To acknowledge slaveholders to be Christians, is administering an opiate to their consciences, and giving support to the "peculiar institution." But the Unitarians generally have peculiar views of the Church and the Lord's Supper, that now seem to us to be rather loose, though we should like more light on the subject. Do they believe these institutions necessary? If so, for what? Their liberality leads them to go against excluding churches as do this, retain notorious drunkards, thieves, libertines, pirates and

murderers within their pale? If so, they are consistent with themselves, but we should like to know if this is the fact—and if they actually encourage such persons to join them! Whether the World believes in Church organizations or not, we are not informed, but if it does, we ask if its plan is to gather them into all classes—"good, bad, and indifferent"? If this is its plan, all we have to say is, that it is quite a different plan from the one common to the sects in general, though it may be a very good one, providing the purpose is simply to benefit the wicked who may become members. But if it is also to welcome all Christians, we have, and seek more—then we say, better have no organizations at all than to have such—and no Lord's Supper. And as this question of fellowshiping slaveholders has become one of great importance, and of increasing interest, we wish our Unitarian friends would define their position respecting the Church and the Eucharist, so that the Anti-Slavery Reformers may judge them with righteous judgment. All that can be justly required of them is that they deal with slaveholders just as they deal with other Christians—great and unfaithful sinners—recognizing them all as Christians, or all as unchristians. We say "no Christian fellowship with slaveholders"—using the term fellowship in its common signification, and meaning by it no such union with them as implies our belief that they are the true disciples of Jesus Christ. We don't believe every man is a Christian that professes to be, and we are all authorized to judge men by their fruits. It is no assumption of the divines' prerogative to say that those among us, who are known as thieves are not Christians, nor is it, we think, to say of those who hold their fellow-beings as "goods and chattels," that they cannot be. Our philosophy of Reform is, then—"No Christian fellowship with slaveholders; and this is the philosophy that is to save the race—the Christian philosophy, we think."

From the Salem Observer.

## Bear in the Eye, vs. Mole in the Eye.

The Mexican War proves that as a nation we are guilty of the same folly that characterizes us as individuals, that we are slaves of an enormous vanity. We conceive ourselves to be, individually, the best specimens of human nature ever raised on the planet, and are, of course, examples for the whole human race. So in politics, we are about the only people in our estimation, who possess any freedom worth speaking of, or who have any conscientious portion of the elements of true greatness. Hence, we have a mission to elevate all nations who can't help it to the pinnacle of grandeur, which has been our peculiar felicity to reach. This war with Mexico, in accordance with this view, is for the purpose of making her something like ourselves. We have discovered that she is sadly misgoverned, that her people are all fools or knaves, and that it is the destiny of this happy old hen to gather her under its wings and establish in her dominions all the blessings which it is in our power to impart to the nations of the world. This war becomes, therefore, when tried by such philosophy, a most noble thing, and displays us to the world as a people, not only willing, but determined, to help those who can't help themselves.

Now this pretence of superiority on our part would be well enough, if it were not for the fact, that in one matter at least, we had better learn from than teach to Mexico—and this, too, in the fundamental concern of our country. The grand idea that gave birth to this Union was that of Liberty, and yet, in this very matter, Mexico has set us an example which we have not had the virtue to follow. She abolished Slavery years ago, and in that act carried the principle of Liberty farther than we shall apparently be ready to carry it for a century to come. And yet we urge, as a pretext for this war, that it will improve the social condition of the Mexican people.

The truth is, that when we shall have abolished Slavery at home, we shall be in a condition to confer practical benefits on other nations, but not before. At present, not a statement can be made of the degradation, misery and oppression of the Mexican people, which is not as true, if not more true, of three millions of our countrymen in the South. Are they ignorant, and unacquainted with the arts of civilized life? So are the Slaves. Are their tastes low and uncultivated, and their habits of life rude and vulgar? So are those of the Slaves. Are they the subjects of a military despotism? So are the Slaves. (Winter may be urged, against the social character of the Mexicans, bears with equal force against that of the enslaved Africans. The latter are afflicted with all the scourges of the former, and the need of elevation in each case is equally strong. But how obviously inconsistent is it for us to pretend to seek the social regeneration of the one race, while we do nothing for the other. Indeed, it savors of hypocrisy to profess to have the good of the Mexican people at heart in this war, while we pose and defend a seventh part of our own people at home. Yet such is an apology which is offered in justification of our Mexican policy. Truly, the Scripture well applies to the case of this nation: "First cast out the beam from thine own eye, then thou shalt see clearly to cast out the mote from thy brother's eye."

Slavery is absolutely necessary to the Western. Great speaking, elaborate discourses, pieces of eloquence, ought to be a language unknown to him; his action ought to be his language. As for me, I would never speak more. Heaven speaks; but what language does it use to speak to men? That there is a sovereign principle from which all things depend: a sovereign principle which makes them to act and move. Its motion is its language; it reduces the seasons to their time; it agitates nature—it makes it produce. This silence is eloquent.

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From the Massachusetts Quarterly Review.

## The Mexican War.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

(Continued.)

In no long suffering Mexico to violate her most solemn treaty obligations, plunder her citizens of their property, and imprison their persons without affording them any redress, we have failed to perform one of the highest duties which every government owes to its citizens. We had ample cause of war against Mexico long before the breaking out of hostilities. But even then it is doubtful to what time then refers, we suppose to take redress into our own hands, will Mexico herself become the aggressor, by invading our soil with hostile array and shedding the blood of our citizens. Such are the grave causes of complaint against Mexico."—*Message of 1846, p. 9.*

What do not by any means approve of the whole conduct of Mexico in her dealings with America, but there were many circumstances which palliated that conduct. She did not want the money, for she had no money to pay with, and no credit to borrow with. In 1845, Mr. Sillwell wrote to the American government that her "finances are in a condition utterly desperate. The amount of public debt does not fall much short of \$150,000,000," and interest was paid on but a small part of it. It is a thing unheard of for one State to delay paying the claims of another—unheard of to wait a long time before such a payment? The government of Bavaria has a large claim on the government of France—a very just claim too, it is said to be—pending at this moment. The King of the French can pay it, but does not. How long did America wait for the payment of her French claims, and her Neapolitan claims? Nay, how long has the State of Massachusetts waited for the payment of her claims against this very American government, which in 1837 ought to have taken her Mexican sister by the throat, and sold all that she had, that payment might be made, and promptly too? The President is not very desirous to pay the claims which American citizens had against France prior to 1846, though the American government itself owes the money to her own citizens. Mr. Polk himself, by his veto, forbade the payment, after Congress had appropriated the funds. If Mexico had been able and would not pay, the case would have been quite different.

We have seen now the grave causes of complaint—the ample causes of war—"the wrongs which we have suffered"—"without a parallel in the history of modern civilized nations." Let us now come to the actual war itself, and the manner of its progress. We must go a little into the history of the times. In 1835, the formalities were completed for the annexation of Texas to the United States. The causes of annexation are well known—the South did not wish a non-slaveholding State on the southwestern frontier. The economical, the moral, the political effect of such a State was clearly foreseen. The institution of Slavery was in danger. It seems to be thought by some, that while Slavery stands, the South will stand, and then the North, the Union, Freedom, and the Rights of Man. The method by which annexation was brought about is also pretty well known—the machinations of the great southern politicians, the timeliness, the servility, the stupidity of many of the northern members of Congress. All this is well known, but getting better known. The recent letters of Mr. Houston, Mr. Tyler, and Mr. Spencer, shed some light on the matter. When the political excitement of our day has passed by, and some future historian of Democracy in America studies the subject afresh, and with impartial eyes, he will write in such the dark chapter. We know not which he will blame most bitterly, the Democrats or the Whigs; but perhaps the latter, as apparently acting against their convictions and without faith. The effects of that annexation will appear in due time, and may be a little different from what the annexers intended.

Mexico claimed Texas, but offered to recognize her independence and abandon her claim, on condition that Texas would not annex herself to America. There was a nominal war between Texas and Mexico, not a war de facto, but de jure. The accident follows the substance, when America took Texas as it was for better or worse. She took the war along with her—the war de jure, though not at that time de facto. Mexico protested against annexation as an "act of aggression the most unjust which can be found recorded in the annals of modern history—despoiling a friendly nation of a considerable portion of her territory," and on the 6th of March, 1845, her minister demanded his passports, and all regular diplomatic intercourse came abruptly and formally to an end.

Now in 1846, General Jackson thought it a delicate matter to recognize the independence of Texas, and said in his message:

"The acknowledgment of a new State as independent, at all times an act of great delicacy and responsibility, but more especially so when such a State has forcibly separated itself from another, which still claims dominion over it. A permanent recognition under these circumstances, if not based upon an unjustifiable cause of war, is always liable to be looked upon as proof of an unfriendly spirit, or, at the best, as a compromise of the principles of the confederate parties." But in all former cases, "so wisely consistent with our just principles has been the action of our government, that we have under the most critical circumstances, avoided all compromise, and compromised no other evil than that produced by a transient estrangement of good will in those against whom we have by force of evidence been compelled to decide." "The uniform policy and practice of the United States is to avoid all interference in disputes which merely relate to the internal government of other nations, and constantly to recognize the authority of the prevailing party, without reference to our particular interests and views, or to the merits of the original controversy."

He considers the power of recognizing the independence of a new State as "equivalent under some circumstances to a declaration of war. It will always be considered most safe that it should be exercised, when probably leading to war, with the previous understanding of that body by whom war can alone be declared."—*Jackson's Message, Dec. 21st, 1836.*

When France acknowledged the independence of the United States in 1778, the English government considered the acknowledgment an unjustifiable aggression. No publicist, we think, would doubt, that if France had then annexed the United States to herself, the annexation offered a just ground for the declaration of war on the part of England. But Mexico did not declare war against America, in 1845; she made no preparations for war. She only protested, and declined further diplomatic intercourse. Had Mexico been as powerful as England, the affair of annexation would not have been disposed of so easily. But Mexico was distracted and weak.

Another alleged offence committed on the part of Mexico, is her refusal to receive the American plenipotentiary, Mr. Sillwell. Here are the facts in the case, as the President states them: On the 15th of September, 1845, the American consul at the city of Mexico, Mr. Sillwell, was appointed "envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, with full powers to adjust and definitely settle, all pending differences between the two countries, including those of boundary between Mexico and the State of Texas."

He reached Vera Cruz on the 29th of November, and Mexico on the 6th of December, 1845. But the government of President Herrera—who had seemed desirous of settling the difficulties by peaceful negotiation—was tottering. Gen. Paredes, a military man, had thrown the country into confusion, and declared against receiving a minister of peace from the United States. The Mexican government was alarmed, and refused to receive Mr. Sillwell, on the ground that America had not sent the envoy on "a special mission confined to the question of Texas alone," but had given him the general powers already mentioned. The 30th of December, Paredes himself came into power, a military usurper, who was known to be bitterly hostile to the United States.

Mr. Sillwell presented his credentials to the new government, desiring to be received in the regular manner; on the 12th, the request was finally rejected, and he soon returned home.

"Thus," says the President, "was the extraordinary spectacle presented to the civilized world, of a government in violation of its own expressed agreement, having twice rejected a minister of peace, invested with full powers to adjust all the existing differences between the two countries, in a manner just and honorable to both. I am not aware that modern history presents a parallel case, in which, in time of peace, one nation has refused even to hear propositions from another for terminating existing difficulties between them."—*p. 19.*

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# COMMUNICATIONS.

## From the Lecturing Field.

WEST BEDFORD, Coshocot co.,  
Dec. 16, 1847.

Ex. Com.,

Our last report was from Hartford. From there we went to Lock, a small town on the line between Licking and Knox counties. We found in Mr. Babcock, a preacher of the United Brethren order, a friend to ourselves and of free discussion. He and Mr. Mead, a school-teacher, very kindly entertained us during our stay. Held two meetings, both of which were well attended. We think the impression left was very good. At all events we left the place in a fermentation of excitement. So far as we could see, discussion had taken the place of labor. We gave them our strongest meat. Obtained three subscribers for the Bugle—sold but few books. Our meetings here were on the 6th and 7th inst.

Eighth and Ninth at Homer. At this place Dr. Wheaton received and entertained us very hospitably. The what he could for us in getting up meetings. But so inclement was the weather, and so horribly muddy were the roads that our meeting was quite small on the first evening, and on the second, as the rain fell in torrents, we were unable to hold meeting at all. Homer is pretty good ground for future operations.

From Homer we went to Utica, where we remained four days, and held, during the time, five meetings. This is the Anti-Slavery garden of Licking co. In no place during our stay in this region have we held so satisfactory meetings as here. It is an intelligent community, a good deal abolitionized in feeling, withal. Mr. Knowlton, who entertained us, is one who honors God by bestowing a due proportion of all his increase, in the service of humanity. This religion savors of James' kind, by uniting "works" with "faith." At his own expense he has built a Hall which will comfortably seat from four to five hundred persons, costing about the same number of dollars. FREEDOM'S HALL. Thanks to this man's noble soul, humanity cannot now be turned out of Utica.

We discussed the whole question pretty thoroughly before—though the going was very bad—respectable audiences. Very deeply did the people seem interested. An impression was made which we are sure will not soon be effaced. Obtained ten subscribers for the Bugle—sold from eight to ten dollars worth of books.

We found in Utica quite a large church of Old School Covenanters. This church is known, so far as it is known at all, to occupy the ground of our Society, in regard to the United States Government. The members neither vote nor take office under, nor swear allegiance to it. Like ourselves, they regard the Constitution of the United States as "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." When we have arraigned the great pro-slavery churches of this land for trial, we have universally excepted this body. When on the church question at Utica we had the exception before us. The circumstance was no more novel than cheering. It is always a great satisfaction to have the evidence of our senses to an important fact. We now have it in regard to this; and can testify that we have seen and now know a church in our land occupying a true anti-slavery position.

We had the satisfaction, which proved to be a great one, of an early acquaintance with Mr. McFarland, the Covenanter minister—a gentleman every way. In heart and soul a reformer. Formerly he was an active anti-slavery lecturer. Has often braved the fury of American mobs. But when anti-slavery in Ohio took a political turn, his principles forbade him to co-operate, and he has therefore since done but little out of his church. I think our visit at Utica will result in opening a way by which his powerful energies will be brought into active operation. If so, the slave's friends may well rejoice.

On Tuesday, the 14th, we left Utica and Licking co. The maxim was demonstrated "that a bad beginning (at Granville) makes a good ending (at Utica)." On this evening we held a very satisfactory meeting in the Union Meeting House at Martinsburg. Sold a large number of books and obtained three subscribers for the Bugle. The Principal of the Academy here, Mr. McKee, kept us over night. He is very reformatory in his feelings, and a warm-hearted abolitionist. He and his kind lady, furnished us the best kind of a so-journer's home. We come next day to this place, 16 miles. The roads were next to impassable.

H. W. CURTIS.

P. S. Last evening we held a meeting in this place, West Bedford. Were driven from the Church and Temperance Hall into a very small school room, which was crowded with persons who, most of them seemed very much interested. As the Methodists are most numerous here we paid our respects to their church in genuine Garrisonian style. This brought out a "Rev." Clark of that order, with the billingsgate characteristic of his cloth. Meeting held five hours, and closed in great excitement. The work is left with our host, Mr. McFarland, a true man, and equal to all Methodism.

H. W. C.

# Modern Infidelity.

Modern Infidelity. What is it? There is scarce a pulpit or a (so-called) religious paper in the land, which is not almost constantly employed in warning the people against what is called "modern," or the "Present type of Infidelity;" and surely it must be of some importance to understand precisely what it is. There are, it seems to me, two ways of coming at it: one is by taking the description given of it by those who claim to be the "orthodox," and the other is by comparing it with modern Christianity.

I recently noticed a rare and somewhat curious article on this subject; so much so that it attracted my attention. It was an article headed "The present type of Infidelity," written by a Theological Student of Oberlin, and published in the Evangelist of Sept. 29, and may, I suppose, be received as the genuine Theology of that Theological School. I can only give a few extracts. The writer says:

"Infidelity is arraying herself at the present time, in robes of most dazzling brilliancy. She introduces herself to our acquaintance by eulogizing in the highest terms the lofty and glorious character of Jesus Christ. She represents him as the embodiment of everything lovely and noble. His life was immaculate purity, without spot or blemish. In him were illustrated in their perfection and glory the attributes of benevolence, justice, mercy, magnanimity and truth. Who can look upon the portrait which even infidelity draws of the Saviour's character, and not feel his soul's deepest emotion of grandeur and sublimity moved within him? Our warmest admiration and love involuntarily go out after a being of such noble attributes. Nor is this a romance. No. Every word which infidelity here says of Christ's character is truth—precious truth."

Who ever before discovered that Infidels so highly exalted the blessed Son of God? Would that the whole world could be induced thus to regard the glorious character of Jesus Christ the Savior of men. But again: "The imposing type of Infidelity of which we speak is associated with some of the noble reforms of the age, especially with the anti-slavery and temperance movements. It is through these channels, mainly, that she succeeds in getting access to the sympathies and affections of so many minds. The best sympathies of our nature are warmly enlisted in behalf of the victims of our accursed Slavery, and he who stands forth in behalf of his brethren in bonds, and has moral heroism enough to break away from the shackles of party and consecrate his life on the altar of bleeding humanity, has a strong hold on the confidence of multitudes of philanthropic hearts."

The reader must keep in mind that this is "Modern," or "The present type of Infidelity;" otherwise he might be led to suppose it was a glowing description of Primitive Christianity. Indeed, what more did the Christian ever do than to sacrifice his life on the altar of bleeding humanity, or in other words, to lay down his life for his brethren. Can it appear strange to candid reflecting minds, that such men should possess the confidence of philanthropic hearts? Once more he says:

"On the one hand Infidelity presents herself clothed in an angel's robe, and in her own imitatively winning way, invites men to become her followers, while on the other the nominal christian church has gone into dark backsliding, and lost her power with God and man. She hath in a most awful degree lost her primitive simplicity and purity—we are compelled to acknowledge that within the sacred precincts of the christian church, the foulest sins that ever blushed in the face of the sun, find home and protection."

O horrible! and yet this is called by modern Theologians, CHRISTIANITY! the Christian Church! May God save the world from such a Christianity.

That we may see more clearly what "Modern Infidelity" is, let us for a moment contrast it with Modern Christianity. The religion of this country (for I will not call it Christianity) declares that slaveholding is not sinful, but is sanctioned by the word of God. It declares that the New Testament has not clearly denied to men a plurality of wives. It denies that "all war is inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity and destructive of the best interests of mankind." While "Modern Infidelity" declares that slaveholding is the sum of all villainies, and the man who is a slaveholder, underserving the name of Christian. It declares and believes in regard to polygamy, that "God in the beginning made them male and female," and that Jesus Christ has said, "for this cause shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife." As respects war, it declares that it is in violation of the very spirit of Christianity, and that all men ought to "associate in a league of universal brotherhood," while, shameful to relate, some of the professed ministers are teaching the people in this region how, under some circumstances, they may break the heads of their fellow men, under the sanction of God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

The fact is, as it appears to me, the religion of the country receives its stamp from a man-pleasing and time-serving priesthood, who preach for a certain sum, "for Value received," and while this is so they will of course preach that which will best secure the end they aim at. If any one can conceive of a better way to account for the present position of the great mass of ministers in our land, I am willing to receive it. This cry of "Infidel," is a very popular cry at the present day; but I regard it as a mere "mad dog cry," and it will soon be seen by the people in its true light. What are the thirty

thousand ministers standing in the pulpits of our land doing to awaken the conscience of the nation to its awful sins? Just nothing at all. They are mere "pulpit drummers." Nineteen-twentieths of them are preaching mere trash, that which men may believe and be none the better, or disbelieve and be none the worse, at the same time closing their pulpits to all who would preach liberty to the captive, or peace and good will to all mankind. It is clear to my mind if the great reforms of the age advance at all, (and I fully believe they will) it will be by the help of God, and in spite of the ministers of our land.

L. B.

Austinburg, Jan. 1, 1848.

The following letter addressed to a friend of the writer, is sent us for publication. It was written by an anti-slavery man, who is spending the winter in the South:

DEAR JARED:—

Never did I see so wicked a system—a system fraught with so much iniquity as that of American slavery: truly it is "the sum of all villainies." I pray God to spare my life and health so that I may once more be heard in regard to it, and vicinity, touching that "organized sin." Will you not say, Amen? My heart is too full to write. Could I but show you our daily papers, with the name of Zachary Taylor emblazoned on their first page, for President of this Republic! (Is he not a fit man for them and the Nation?)

On the same page is this: "Religious." "The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in this city, on Sabbath next, services to commence this evening at early candle-light. Dec. 17th." On the next page is the following:

## TRUST SALE.

Pursuant to a Deed of Trust executed to us by D. Hightower, on the 4th day of August, 1847, and recorded in the Recorder's Office of Crittenden county, Arkansas, in Book D, pages 325, 6, & 7, we will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, in the city of Memphis, in front of the Commercial Hotel, on Wednesday, the 5th day of January, 1848, the following negroes, to wit:

Rebecca, aged 24 years,	Charles, " 19 "
Perry, " 23 "	Frank, " 17 "
Solomon, " 18 "	Lewis, " 30 "
John, " 14 "	Jack, " 16 "
Caroline, " 22 "	Charity, " 23 "

Also, on Friday, the 7th day of January, 1848, on the premises, a Tract of Land lying in the county of Crittenden, and State of Arkansas, about eight miles south-west of Memphis, and three miles from the Mississippi river, being the south-east quarter of section 14, and the south-west quarter of section 15, in township 6, ranges 8 and 9 east, containing 300 acres, about one hundred acres of which is in cultivation. This land is unsurpassed in fertility, entirely above over-flow, and has upon it new and substantial and convenient improvements.

The title to the above property is believed to be unquestioned, but we will only convey such as we have under and by virtue of such deed of trust.

WM. W. HART.

PETER G. REEVES.

Trustees.

Yes, God's image held in trust for the payment of debts, and to be sold "in front of the Commercial Hotel!" one of the most public places in the city, "to the highest bidder!" On the next page is "20 dollars reward" offered for a man who has run away, and is guilty of the crime of being black, or a mulatto. Could I show you this, as it is seen by myself, I think you, with me, would curse the system, which beggars all description; for the Slave's woes have never been told. Handbills are posted upon the corners of the streets in this city now, offering three "like-ly Negroes for sale; two men, and one woman named Anarchy, (?) by order of the court, Title indisputable," &c. &c.

There is a poor woman living but a few steps from the place of my occupation, who hires her time from another woman who owns her "according to the laws thereof" in this State; who pays her mistress eight dollars per month for her time, so dear is freedom; she also supports herself and child, buys her wood, which is 3 dollars per cord, buys water to wash with, at 10 cts. per barrel, cuts some of her wood; also buys the other necessary articles for her business of washing and ironing. This I had from herself: she lives in a poor miserable hovel, not better than some Northern out-houses.

If this be not robbery, I know not what robbery can consist in; and this is only one instance out of many that can be mentioned.

Members of the Sewing Circles, will you not continue to work, and work, and work away, for the bond woman? Compared with hers, your task is light. Friends of the slave, faint not in your efforts to do good, and may the Father of Mercies reward you all in so doing.

Conscience—if the term can be applied to the governing principle of the people here—is modified after the Constitution of the United States. Truly this hellish system of things finds "guaranties" there, and protection from the laws made in conformity thereto.

My dear Brother, do you not love your children, these little ones, your present care, and future hope? To ask, is but to answer the question. Slavery, that demon from the infernal pit, annihilates every tie, every affec-

tion in society. It belongs to God, and to Him only, to take from the arms of the mother her tender offspring. This the heartless slaveholder does.

I will give you an instance which I had from a slave in person, to-day: He belonged to Col. —. I asked if he was married; he said he was. If he had any children; he said two, the oldest 3 years old. I again in "Yankee style" asked if they lived with him, his last reply was, his master sold them, because his mistress did not believe in black children; that she did not want the trouble of them! These were his words, and they sunk deep into my heart. Poor man, thought I, how indelibly wretched is your condition.

Adieu.

T.

## Appeal to Women.

Free daughters of America, will you lend your ears a moment to the sad recital of a sister's woes? 'Tis a mournful picture, and your happy hearts, bounding with hilarity seem reluctant to be made sad by a tale of sorrow. Your laughing eyes seem not made for tears, and 'twere a pity to cloud your joyous pathway with mournful recitals of wrong and cruelty.

And yet your tender hearts so often beating responsive to the call of mercy, constrain me if possible to reach those troubling chords, and awaken a thrilling note in behalf of humanity.

You enjoy Liberty. One and a half millions of your sisters know its sweets only by name! Crushed beneath the iron hand of despotism, the enduring word but awakens a mournful feeling of bondage in their bosoms; and if they dare seek that boon—the favored prize, the baying of blood hounds, or the crack of the slave driver's whip, calls them back to chains and slavery.

No haughty tyrant claims even the fruits of your industry; while your poor sable sister is robbed of every right; her offspring claimed by another, and rudely torn from her, and her own body held as property and sold at pleasure.

Home blesses you with its endearing charms and around your hearth clusters every joy of mutual love and fond enchantment. Your colored sister has no home. How can that be called home where a master claims a superior right to her husband and children, and who gives her them only on sufferance?—If in her humble cabin sometimes rises the joyful revel of "the song of love," the rude hand of her master may all unexpectedly still the echo by tearing away the dear ones whose voices composed the happy song; nay, she herself may be torn from her family at the caprice of the slave proprietor.

You claim at least the ownership of self. The slave woman knows not the privilege of raising her own hands at will. To keep what she earned would be considered theft, and even to use her own feet *ad libitum* would be called the highest crime, for which she would be sentenced to the lash according as her haughty lord's cruel anger might dictate. She is taught submission on pain not only of bodily torture, but on peril of her soul. Her Christian master tells her she will be subject to eternal fire if not obedient to his every wish, no matter how diabolical!

You are taught the beauties of science and plunging into deep literary lore, may deck your brows with unfading laurels, while your African sister for no other crime than wearing an ebony skin, is forbidden to learn to read the name of God.

The laws of your country protect you from wrong. But the female slave has no protection. The Christian people of this Christian country have enacted laws which place her beneath any protection save that of property. They have exalted the dealer in human flesh to the highest office in church and state, and around the accused altar of slavery, where human happiness is made a thing of merchandise, and human tears, and human blood run down together, they have entwined the wreaths of glory and under it they have placed the word of God, and over it as an ensign of freedom, have raised the banner of "Liberty and Equality" in solemn mockery of the glorious truths their lips but just uttered. In view of these frightful outrages upon her sex, how ought woman to stand affected. Let her arise in the dignity and strength of her influence, and extend her hand to save. Your pleadings will not be in vain. Raise your voices in behalf of humanity, and they will reach the ear of the oppressor and make him tremble in his guilt. Your tears may cause the chain of slavery to rust and those bound beneath its massive links to leap up in the ecstasy of a slave redeemed.

E. C.

Wadsworth O.

## ENCOURAGING.

The signs of the South, as regards an honest, yet wise opposition to slavery, are more favorable than we ever knew them to be.

We hear quite often from States which are thought to be intolerant, and even in them there is strong under-current of opposition to the institution which will wake up, and show itself one of these days. "We have only to know our strength," says an able divine in the far South, "to make its putting forth certain, and we have only to put it forth, to be sure of success." West-Virginia is fairly engaged in discussing emancipation, and, in one year more, in less time, perhaps, we shall hear of a similar move in East-Tennessee, unless we are very much mistaken. Is not this encouraging? Labor, good men and true; success is yours, if you will but do it, heartily and patiently.—*Low. Exam.*

# ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, JANUARY 14, 1848.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—*Edmund Burke.*

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chesnut sts.

Friends of the slave, fill up the list! Volunteers are needed! The exigencies of the cause demand them, and they must be had. The Executive Committee need your immediate aid—will you give it? Fifty subscribers to the following plan are indispensable—there ought to be a hundred, and would be, if all who profess to love the slave would do according to their ability. Send in your names without delay.

## A Promise.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to pay to the Ex. Committee of the Western A. S. Society, \$10 for the support of the Bugle against the 1st of April 1848; with the understanding that in consideration thereof we are entitled to ten copies of said paper for one year, to be sent without further charge to such persons as we may direct, provided they are applied for before the 1st of July, 1848.

1 Isaac Trevelick, Salem,
2 Wm. Lightfoot, "
3 Jas. Barnaby, "
4 Benj. S. Jones, "
5 J. Elizabeth Jones, "
6 Lot Holmes, Columbiana,
7 T. Elwood Vickers, New Garden,
8 B. M. Cowles, Austinburg,
9 Valentine Nicholson, Harveysburg,
10 Dr. Abraham Brooke, Oakland,
11 E. Poor, Richfield.

## To those Owning Pledges.

There is on the books of the Western Society a list of pledges made since the first of June last amounting to about one thousand dollars.

The Executive Committee is greatly in need of funds. Will not those owing pledges forward them? If those who have pledged considerable sums, cannot at present conveniently pay the whole amount, they will please forward a part, and thus relieve the Committee from its present necessities.

## Editorial Correspondence.

HARVEYSBURG, Dec. 25th, 1847.

DEAR FRIEND:—

You see by our date that we have reached the field where we proposed to commence our labors, and it needs not that we should detail to you the incidents of our journey—our travel from Salem to Wellsville in which we performed the twenty-four miles in ten hours, our detention at the latter place, and our passage down the Ohio.

## THE FRESHET.

Although the river had fallen considerably, the water was still high, and the desolating marks of the freshet were left on many of the villages upon its banks, and the country homesteads which stood the bottom land. Upon reaching Cincinnati we were glad to find that the reports of the height of the waters at that point, and the damage done there were greatly exaggerated. The freshet was not so great as that of 1832, and though many were rendered homeless by it, the suffering has been less than we expected to find it.

The store-houses which had been flooded have mostly been restored to their former order, except the cellars, from which hundreds of pumps are ejecting the water. During the time the waters were rising, the Carmen were in great demand for the removal of the goods of those whose residences were in danger; and after the floods had covered the streets and rendered them impassable except to water craft, the services of the boatmen were equally valuable. The flood was said to be a fine harvest for both these classes, who were busily engaged night and day in their labors. Some of them it was said were rather exorbitant in their prices, and such were censured severely for speculating upon the distress of others. It does seem hard to make a man pay the more the faster the flood comes upon him, and drain his purse because his house cannot be drained; but such is the principle of trade, and the very men who condemn the carmen and boatmen who asked double prices because the immediate needs of their suffering brethren would induce the payment of them, would doubtless ask double prices themselves for their corn and wheat, if the starvation of the Irish and English peasantry should first produce a similar increase in the prices abroad. Both speculate upon the distress of community, and take advantage of the sufferings of others, and whether it is worse to do it upon a larger or smaller scale, we leave for others to determine.

## LOSS OF LIFE AT THE BROTHERHOOD.

The most distressing accident we have heard of as the result of the freshet, was one which you may have seen a detailed account of before this—we allude to the loss of the lives of seventeen persons at the settlement with which H. S. Gilmore, J. O. Wattles and others of that class of reformers are connected, and which is situated a few miles above Cincinnati. Thirty-two of the members, or persons interested in the establish-

ment went into a brick building which had been so recently erected that the mortar was too fresh to withstand the water. The whole fell in upon them, and but fifteen of the number escaped. We did not hear of any who were there that we know ought of except John O. Wattles and his wife, who were among the saved.

## OUR PROSPECTS.

We shall probably have about as good travelling here, as you have around Salem, and not much better. Our friends Valentine Nicholson, Dr. Brooke and Abraham Allen, with whom we have consulted, think that we shall be able to get up good meetings in the places round about. They are all of them very much interested in our mission, and have been mapping out a plan of operations for us, and making all necessary arrangements. Some of our first meetings will of course be small—the severity of the cold, the badness of the roads, and the shortness of the notice, will necessarily so result. The friends here did not expect us so soon, because of the floods, and although we have taken them rather unawares, yet they think a good deal can be done. We hope their anticipations may be realized, for there is great need of an anti-slavery revival in this portion of the State. If ever there was a time when individual effort was needed for the furtherance of abolitionism, it is now; and we would that all who profess to love the slave, were more earnest to enstamp the impress of their own being upon an Age in which they live, and to strive to leave the world better and happier than they found it.

## TEMPERANCE MEETING.

Last evening we participated in a Temperance meeting held at this place, and which was called for the purpose of re-organizing the Washingtonian movement. We found that not only were Sons of Temperance engaged in this revival, but Daughters of Temperance also, and they were laboring together as equals in this great cause. And what to us was a novelty, and a fact worthy of record, was that the Society appointed "niggers and women," on its committees—a heresy that very few Temperance Societies would tolerate, for the orthodox notion you know is, that "niggers and women" have very little business to meddle in such reforms, and the little they are permitted to do, must be done not as equals of the white men! but as subordinates, as hewers of wood and drawers of water.

SLIGO, 29th.

We have had meetings at this place, Chester, Centre, and Harveysburg, and are glad to find that our gatherings increase in interest, and become larger as the time for circulating notices is longer. The people we have met generally manifest a desire to hear the Constitutional question discussed, and thus far we have paid more attention to State than Church affairs, but do not intend by any means to let the Brotherhood escape without due notice. At several of our meetings we have had questions raised by those who were present as to the various points upon which doubts existed in their minds, which we endeavored to remove.

We send you a few subscribers, and the names of Valentine Nicholson, of Harveysburg, and Dr. Abraham Brooke, of Oakland, to be added to the ten dollar pledge. When we get fairly at work, we hope to do better.

EDITORS.

## A Review

OF "DOMESTIC SLAVERY considered as a Scriptural Institution: in a Correspondence between the Rev. RICHARD FULLER, of Beaufort, S. C., and the Rev. FRANCIS WAYLAND, of Providence, R. I. By CYRUS PITT GROSVENOR."

A friend has handed us a book of the above title, suggesting the propriety of publishing it in the Bugle—giving several columns each week. We do not think it best to publish it, as it is quite long, containing almost one hundred and fifty closely printed pages, and the greater part of it would, we suppose, interest but a part of our readers.

From this review we have been able to give the Review, we think it, upon the whole, a very able one; and would commend it to the attention of those who are disposed to receive, or countenance even for a moment, either the open and hardy justification of Slavery by Mr. Fuller, or the half-way-compromising and cowardly opposition (if such it can be called) of Dr. Wayland.

Mr. Fuller in the correspondence alluded to, declared Slavery to be an institution clearly established and sanctioned in the Bible, and consequently not sinful. Wayland pretended to deny this; yet freely admitted that the Hebrews held slaves from the time of the conquest of Canaan—that Abraham and the patriarchs held them ages before; and declared his astonishment that any one should have the hardihood to deny the fact; and he further admitted that the New Testament contains no precept prohibitory of Slavery.—"This," said he, "must, I think, be granted—but this is all." And this was enough.—If Slavery was sanctioned in the Old Testament and not prohibited in the New, how can it, viewed in the light of the Bible, be sinful?

In reading the correspondence between these two priests, (both baptists) it is hard for us to resist the impression, that the discussion was entered into and carried on, at least on the part of Dr. Wayland, with a view of making slaveholders if not slaveholders, if possible, more respectable than for-



merly in the Baptist Church. He bestows the most fulsome praise upon Mr. Fuller for his piety, philanthropy, and "reverence for God and his Word;" and pretends to discover in his class of slaveholders, the lineaments of christian character, in many cases, strongly and beautifully developed;" while he censures freely the abolitionists of the North, for their determined opposition to Slavery.

The Review before us, (written by a baptist minister) shows in a clear light the inconsistency and falsehood resorted to by these two clerical man-thieves. The greater part of the review is devoted to combatting the position taken by the one, and admitted by the other, that slavery was sanctioned in the Old Testament and not forbidden in the New. The writer's arguments are learned and able, but there are probably few persons, comparatively, who will be interested in them. It is this part of the review which we suppose would not be interesting to a majority of our readers. Indeed, it seems to us that abolitionists can do better than devote their time to the discussion of this matter; as it has but little to do with the real question of human liberty, one way or the other. Messrs. Fuller and Wayland both admit that slavery is contrary to natural justice—a violation of human rights—a moral wrong. This point being settled, the question whether the Bible does or does not sanction slavery has nothing to do with our obligation to labor for the slave's redemption, though it has much to do with the estimation in which the Bible should be held.

Admitting for a moment that the Bible—both the Old and New Testament—sanctions slavery, or anything else which is wrong, what follows? Why only this, that so far as it does so, the Bible is not to be obeyed or respected. Said an aged Presbyterian minister—a noble exception to his class—in a convention we once attended: "If the Bible justifies slavery, I have never understood it; if it justifies such a system of crime and blood, I never wish to read it, for I know that a book which does so, whatever its pretensions, never emanated from a God of justice and of love!" This is the true position.

Every thinking man, not utterly devoid of moral perception, knows that slavery is an accursed institution—the sum of all villainies—a system of unmitigated wickedness and unparalleled cruelty; that it is at war with the best interests of humanity, and a violation of the duties man owes to his brother. What kind of treatment then do those hypocritical Divines deserve, who, admitting the horrid character of slavery, yet with lengthened faces and a whining voice, tell us that the Bible sanctions it! Such men are hypocrites and devoid of truth. They declare slavery to be wrong—contrary to natural justice. They talk of the goodness and justice of God, declare the Bible to be his revealed Word, insist that he has established and sanctioned in his Word this system of blood, and assert that Christians may hold slaves, because God authorized them so to do—which authority, slavery being wrong, he ought never to have given! Can a man pretend to occupy such ridiculous positions, without being justly chargeable with hypocrisy and falsehood!

The truth is, the priests of this land—with a few exceptions—are leagued together—a brotherhood of thieves. They care far more for the interests of their order, than for any thing higher or holier. They have no true regard for the Bible which they hypocritically profess to take as their guide, but will pervert its meaning—degrade its character—deny its plainest precepts, and disregard its most express commands, for the purpose of blinding and deluding the multitude, and thus adding to their own unholy power and gain. Point out their wickedness and crime, show that they are upholding slavery, and they admit that slavery is contrary to natural justice, but begin to talk, in solemn strain, of divine permissions and commands, and claim from the Bible a justification of their conduct. The people view them as the divinely commissioned expounders of the Word, blend natural justice with natural depravity, of which they have heard so much, trample upon their consciences, and follow their "blind guides" to destruction.

The corrupt, designing priest, loves theological discussions and Bible arguments.—Nothing suits him better than to be opposed with his own chosen weapons. He is skilled and trained to "search the Scriptures," for in them he thinks he has temporal, if not "eternal life," or at least the good things thereof.

"And then he sighs and quotes a piece of Scripture. And thus he clothes his naked villainy, With old ends stolen forth from holy writ, And seems a saint, while most he plays the devil!"

For ourselves we are but little disposed, as a general thing, to argue on such grounds, with these pious gentry. They know they are lying when they assert that the precepts and practices of Jesus sanction their hateful crimes. But even if their assertions were true, and they could prove them so, it would not affect the matter of the rightfulness of their conduct in this respect. They would only prove what the opponents of Christianity have often asserted without proving, that Jesus was an impostor and Christianity a cheat, palmed off by a designing priesthood.

upon an ignorant and credulous world, and thus instead of justifying themselves they would by their own showing, stand before the world confessedly guilty of the vilest hypocrisy, in addition to their other well known crimes.

#### J. W. Walker in Jail.

The following note from Mr. Selby contains what we have been expecting to hear. Verily these pious professors must fear the light when they imprison a man for merely asking an innocent question.

"This day our Dear Brother Walker was torn from the embrace of his wife and children, by an officer of the law, and is now on his way to Carrollton jail; where he will have to expiate the crime of asking a simple question in a gentlemanly manner, in a Methodist Religious Meeting. Shame on such a religion—a religion that has to rob wives of their husbands and children of their parents—that has to oppress the civil law, and thereby divide families, causing distress, and sorrow around the hearth stones of quiet homes, for the purpose of sustaining its character.—"And all (as is said) for the glory of God, and the good of souls."

Tell it to the world—publish it from Dan to Beersheba—from Maine to Georgia, that J. W. Walker has by Methodist religion been torn from home and family, and hurried to jail, for asking a question in a meeting to this effect: "What are my rights at this meeting."

How long Mr. Walker will have to remain in custody is not known; but no doubt forever, if the Methodists of Leeburg can have their wish. God pity such hypocrites and send them repentance unto life, before they go quick, down into the Pit."

N. N. SELBY.

#### FREE WILL BAPTISTS.

The following resolution and accompanying remarks have been handed us for publication. The resolution is a very singular and a very indefinite one. What is meant by a "recommended christian," we are puzzled to imagine. The publication of the resolution if we are correctly informed, is asked for on account of reports having been circulated that the meeting houses referred to, have been repeatedly refused to the advocates of reform, which reports we fear are but too true. This resolution goes rather to confirm the charges it seems to us, than to remove the impression that they are true.

12 mo. 10, 1847.

FRIENDS EDITORS:—It is a well known fact that the Free will Baptists are a society of reformers, believing it takes all moral and religious subjects to constitute pure and undefiled religion. We believe no man can be a christian and not be concerned for the welfare of mankind. We believe we ought to speak out against all evil. Believing slavery to be the greatest evil that ever polluted the American soil, we therefore take an active part in the Anti-Slavery reform. We also actively engage in the Temperance movement. At the recent Conference at New Middleton, the following resolution among others, was adopted.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Conference it would be right to open our meeting house to all recommended christians, to speak upon all moral and religious subjects.

Done in behalf of the Church.  
VINCENT TRAGO,  
Church Clerk.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The January No. of this popular Magazine has come to hand. The engravings of this Number are very fine, and the contents generally interesting. One of the engravings is a portrait of Gen. Butler. We are sorry that the publishers are so badly off for subjects for their exquisite embellishments, as to be under the necessity of seeking them among the "Army Heroes." Can it be that the tastes of the readers of the Magazine demand that the portraits of these men of blood should be thus placed before them? We would fain hope better things than this. We shall rejoice if the publishers are taught that their patrons do not want the portraits of such men.

How great the contrast between the beautiful mezzotint engraving of "Innocence," and the portrait of the "Hero" General Butler!

The article in our poetical column entitled "The Land of Dreams," we select from this No. of the Magazine.

THE OHIO CULTIVATOR.—Vol. 3 of this truly valuable Agricultural paper, has been sent us by the publisher. Every farmer in the State should be a subscriber to the Cultivator. We have no doubt but that every reader of it will be benefited, even pecuniarily, far more than the amount of his subscription, and in addition to this, will be interested and improved mentally, by reading it.

Published at Columbus, on the 1st and 15th of each month, by M. B. Bateman, at \$1 per year; or four copies for \$3. The volume commences with the year.

THE PITTSBURGH SATURDAY VISITOR; is the title of a Literary and Liberty party newspaper, lately started by Mrs. Jane G. Swisshelm, Editor and Proprietor. The paper is spirited and interesting, and will probably be well sustained. Mrs. Swisshelm, it seems to us, must be good natured and forgiving;

otherwise she would not devote her superior talent and energy to building up a political party, which does not recognize her right to participate in politics. Perhaps, she does not think it right for women to have a direct voice in the Government. We think, however, this cannot be the case, as, if it were so, she would think herself, (as many of the "lords" will think her,) out of her proper sphere in editing a political paper.

#### General Items.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—A man was killed on the 29th inst. on the road between Columbus and Xenia, by the upsetting of a stage coach.

We see it stated in our exchanges that Joseph Canard, the celebrated mail contractor, has failed. He is said to be insolvent to an immense amount.

The cholera is said to be advancing on its old track. In Oromish, Persia, one fifth of a population of 25,000 died within one month.

Mr. Wm. Herepath, a celebrated European chemist thinks that chlorine Gas is the best preventive of this fearful disease. In speaking of his experience during the former visit of the pestilence he says:

"I placed large quantities of the substance necessary to produce this Gas in the hands of a British Druggist, who was kind enough to distribute it to applicants, during three days, with instructions for use; and I am happy to say, that during that time, the deaths fell from ten, to one per day."

OLD TIMES.—In the days of Wm. Penn the Provincial Legislature of Pennsylvania enacted 59 laws, of great importance during a session of only three days! One of these laws was: That all children of 12 years of age and upwards be taught some useful trade, to the end that none need ever be idle in the Province, but that if poor they may become rich, and if they be rich and become poor, they need not want. Times have changed since then—three months annually is now thought not time enough for a legislature to spend in arranging the affairs of a State—And our laws are nothing to boast of, after all their labor.

A company is engaged in building a wire suspension Bridge from the American, to the Canada shore, over the falls of Niagara.

#### Congressional.

There has been a somewhat excited debate in the Senate, upon questions connected with the Mexican war, in which John P. Hale participated. A motion was before the Senate to take up "the Bill for twenty regiments."

Mr. Calhoun wished immediate action taken upon his resolutions, before voting further supplies. It had been said that his resolutions were opposed to the administration. It mattered not, he said, whether they were or were not. They proposed some declaration of opinion—some proper ground-work of action, in regard to the objects of the war, before going further.

Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, says the correspondent of the Baltimore American, "entered with warm feeling into the subject, though promising a more elaborate speech in regard to the war hereafter. The war, he said, originated in falsehood and fraud, and in a desire to perpetrate the institution of slavery. The President's conduct was like the practice of the Spanish physician—"blood-letting and warm water." The patient was dying under the treatment, and the physician continued to prescribe more letting of blood.

He could not give up his practice, for he had written a book upon it. The President too, has written a book, (laughter,) and the people, though they die, are called upon to follow his prescriptions. For one he would not consent, and he would not vote a dollar for the further prosecution of the war.

He talked of the danger which attended Mexican institutions, but he believed much more danger threatened our own. All the money he would consent to vote would be to bring our armies out of Mexico by the nearest and cheapest route, and as soon as the President would tell us the cost of this supply, he would vote the money. He hoped the resolutions of the Senator from South Carolina would be considered before those of the Senator from New York.

The first proposed to consider how much we should steal, and the latter what we should do with the territory after it was stolen—Both, he thought, therefore, ought properly to precede action upon this Bill.

In regard to the war, Mr. H. said that the country regarded it as one of crime and robbery, and if any of us were opposed to it, let us not be guilty of the miserable inconsistency of voting supplies for its further prosecution. His view of it was, that it marked the age as barbarous in which we lived, and such, in his judgment, was the sentiment of the nation.

Mr. Hale was quite severe upon the Senator from Michigan, Mr. Cass, and some side-swinging occurred as to the capacity of the one and the intelligence of the other.

All this debate was upon a motion to take up the bill of twenty regiments, and the year and days were ordered. The vote was a tie one, 19 to 19, the Vice President voting in the affirmative.

Mr. Mangum said he presumed there was a majority of the Senate willing to vote, whatever the exigencies of the country required, but he had hoped the policy of the Senate and of the administration in regard to the prosecution of the war was to be made known before further action was had.

In the House, Dec. 31, Mr. Giddings presented a Petition from citizens of the District of Columbia, praying for the abolition of the slave trade, as carried on there, and moved to refer it to the Judiciary Committee, instructing them to inquire into the Constitutionality of such laws as sustain the slave trade with-

in the District. The ayes and noes were taken, and resulted in a tie vote. The speaker decided in Mr. Giddings's favor, and his motion was carried. A few years ago, Mr. Giddings met the formal censure of the House, for presenting a petition in all essential particulars similar to the present one. This victory shows at least some change for the better.

#### Memorial.

The form of a memorial to Congress has been sent us with a request that we publish it. We give it a place, though we are not aware that it has yet been decided that the middle of the Ohio river is the line between the states bordering upon it:—

To the Congress of the United States:—

Your memorialists citizens of Ohio, respectfully represent, that there are daily numerous persons passing down and up the Ohio river who have been held as slaves, and as a matter of necessity the boats carrying these persons must follow the channel of said river and as said channel passes into Ohio, so by voluntary consent of their owners these persons become free, according to the act of Congress delegating to the states their sovereignty; and it is a maxim to law "once free always free." We would therefore earnestly ask of your body such legislation as will protect the free persons of Ohio from being kidnapped and reduced to slavery.

#### C. M. Clay.

The following is extracted from a letter written by Mr. Clay to the Louisville Examiner.

"The true friends of the South were not behind their brothers of the free States in feeling the evils of slavery. Not content with infecting the pulpit, the Legislative Hall, and the social circle, it breathed upon the liberty of the press, and despairing silence sat upon millions. Here and there, at long intervals, some one more daring than the rest, gave utterance to the boldest instincts of nature, and spoke out against the giant curse.—It was but a momentary ripple on a vast sea, whose waters again subsided into more than original stagnation."

The "Examiner" has succeeded the "True American." My detention in a Mexican prison delayed my return longer than was anticipated; the editor of the "Examiner" has forestalled my wishes, and is now fulfilling all my obligations to my subscribers by substituting his paper for mine. Those who have seen both papers, will not regret the change. I ask for him the continuance of that generous support in that cause which was in me shown dear to so many noble Americans. The first scene in the drama is accomplished; brighter hopes dawn upon Kentucky and the American Republic. The extraordinary events at home and abroad for the last few years, have aroused the consciences and startled the minds of millions. Go read Guizot's History of Civilization, and take courage. Faith in the progress of mankind is no longer the dream of "fanatics." The spirit of large and liberal inquiry, and consequent amelioration, is moving all nations. The land of "76" cannot long follow in the unwilling wake of Trans-Atlantic despotism in securing the liberties of men. A great destiny awaits us—America will yet be free! "God and Liberty."

C. M. CLAY.

Lexington, Dec. 18, 1847.

#### The Fourteenth National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

The following extracts of a letter from Henry C. Wright to Elizabeth Pease, of Dartington, Eng., will, we think, be interesting to the readers of the Bugle.

"I am in Faneuil Hall. It is 5 o'clock, P. M., Christmas day. I am sitting on the platform, at the south end of the Hall, facing the door of entrance at the north end. The Hall, as I look off from the platform, seems like a forest of evergreens; over the platform are standing three beautiful cedars—one behind it and one at each end—so that I am really sitting and writing beneath cedar trees, and all under their branches. Across the platform is a line, fastened at each end to the cedars, and on the line hangs a splendid black satin visite, or cloak, the work and contribution of Mary Welsh. On the left of the platform is the Book table, where sits Maria W. Chapman; on the right of it is the Edinburgh table, and down in front of it is the Glasgow table. Down further, in the centre of the Hall, and directly under the immense gaselier, is the Toy stand—a large circular counter, or table, covered with all imaginable toys for children, of all materials, forms, sizes and shapes from the New Haven fish-wife, of Scotland, with her croel on her back, going to market, to the splendid wax doll from Bridgewater, in England—a toy which is the admired of all doll admirers. That table is, at this moment, surrounded by admiring and enrapt children, making the hall ring with their merry and delighted exclamations. It is impossible to sit here and look down upon that enraptured throng of children, and not feel that it is good and pleasant to be here. It is worth a voyage over the Atlantic to see that table and the delighted little ones who at this moment surround it. To crown the enchantment, the toy stand is embowered in beautiful high arches of evergreen, and the gas lights reflect a glorious light upon the whole group. On each side of the Hall are two rows of tables, or stands, and several women attending at each—some standing behind, and some in front of the tables, to accommodate the purchasers. On the right of the entrance-door to the Hall, is the Provision table, covered with all sorts of fruits and vegetable food and ice creams. Ice creams in winter! The thermometer is nearly to zero. No accounting for taste. The Hall is comfortably warmed by two stoves. There are thirty-four different tables; and I could not begin to give an account of the variety, beauty and richness of the articles now lying on these tables, and hanging around and over them, on lines attached to evergreen bowers and arches, that rise over and around the various stands. It is certain that this National Bazaar owns much of its attractions and its value to the Anti-Slavery cause, and to the great struggle for freedom, in this land of republicanism, whips, chains and fetters, for the backs and limbs of those whom our Declaration

proclaims born with an "inalienable right to liberty." But the influence of the Fair, as an Anti-Slavery argument, is of still greater value. No man or woman can come here—as thousands do—and not go away deeply impressed with the truth and vital power of Anti-Slavery. This Bazaar speaks unequivocally to the slaveholders and their abettors, saying—"The sentiment of the world is against you, and you will soon become the scorn and execration of mankind." This Hall, since the 21st, has uttered the voice of Great Britain and Ireland, as well as of an increasing portion of the non-slave States against slavery. One can hardly sit here and look upon this scene, and think of the hearts and hands that have created it—the love and devotion to man—the fixedness of purpose—the constancy and fidelity to principle, and the indomitable energy in action, which are manifested in the beauty and taste in the decorations—the goods brought together from the ends of the earth, and in the activity and zeal displayed in turning them to account.

I look upon this scene—this moving, brilliant, buzzing, busy, animated, pleasant scene, and feel selfishness had no hand in creating it. It is sweet to feel that all who had a hand in its creation, as they worked on these articles, had their thoughts and sympathies fixed on the good of others rather than their own. They enjoyed the full blessedness of giving rather than receiving. The image of the American slave was in their hearts as they plied the needle. The child torn from its mother's arms—the daughter and son on the auction stand—husbands and wives, parents and children torn asunder—the family relations trodden down—immortal souls groping about, feeling after God and eternal life amid the dark horrors of chattelism—the fugitive slave wading swamps, threading forests, and swimming rivers, in pursuit of liberty, and blood-hounds, and rifles in the hands of republican and praying man-hunters, on his track. Such were the images that filled the gentle and loving hearts of those who worked, packed and sent these goods to this city, and whose fingers decorated this Hall, and who are now engaged before me in selling to all who will buy. Pure self-forgetting love for the down-trodden slaves of republican (!) religious (!) America, presides over this Bazaar, from its beginning in distant lands, to its completion in Faneuil Hall.

Through this Bazaar comes up a voice from Glasgow, Edinburgh, Perth, Dublin, Cork, Manchester, Leeds, Bristol, Bridgewater, and many other places in Great Britain and Ireland, pronouncing in the name of God and Humanity, the doom of this slave-breeding and slaveholding republic. These rich and beautiful articles are sent up here, as offerings on the altar of Human Liberty and Human Brotherhood. I feel that I stand in the temple of Human Brotherhood. I love to come here and worship at this shrine.

#### Tyranny Affrighted.

A Louisiana paper, of recent date, contains the following announcement:

NOTICE.—Several respectable citizens have informed us that there is a fellow in this place, who is in the habit of holding close conversation with the slaves about town, and those upon the plantations which he happens to visit.

We have also been told that a respectable planter on Bayou Lafourche intends to give him twenty-five lashes if he ever catches him again on his place.

If these things be true, and we see no reason to doubt it, would it not be well for us to keep a sharp look out on the movements of such fellows?

We are now in a precarious situation, a great many of our most efficient men have gone out to defend the country, and we do not think it prudent, at such a time as this, to permit men of rather suspicious characters to tamper with our slaves under the cloak of a profession.

The citizens of Louisiana having sent their "efficient men" to Mexico, to fight for the extension of slavery, under the pretence of defending their country, naturally fear that the example may prove an useful one to the victims of their oppression at home, and that they may take the opportunity, to give the world practical evidence that they agree with their masters in the belief, that "resistance to tyrants, is obedience to God." And perhaps these slaveholders are apprehensive that their slaves have sufficient intelligence to reason thus, "If it be honorable and noble and Christian, to pour out human blood on the battle-field, to lay cities in ruin, to massacre men, women and children, for the sake of strengthening and extending slavery, how much more honorable and Christian must it be, to do such deeds for the sake of restoring liberty to enslaved millions!" It is a dangerous lesson which you are teaching your bondmen, ye warring enslavers of your fellow men. Debaased in intellect as you have succeeded in making them, they can still reason too acutely for your safety, and you hazard much when you permit your shouts for liberty, your Fourth of July celebrations, your boasts of brave and patriotic sires, and your glorification of this Mexican war, to greet their eager eyes or ears. The weal of your peculiar institution demands silence, deep as death, upon all such topics.

But what a commentary is this "Notice" upon the frequent and bold assertions of slaveholders and their apologists, that the slaves are happy and contented, and would not take their freedom if it was offered to them! Such testimony as it contains, at least, saves us the trouble of attempting to prove that the advocates of slavery do not, generally, believe their own assertions respecting the slave's willingness to wear his chains. We are glad that the Louisianians are waking up to a consciousness of their "precarious situation." Its difficulties and dangers are fast increasing, and there is but one way of escape from them.—*Pennsylvania Freeman.*

#### Bill to prevent Kidnapping.

This bill, introduced into the Ohio Legislature by Mr. Blake, prohibits, under the penalty of imprisonment in the Penitentiary not less than one nor more than five years, any person in this State, not a public officer of the United States, aiding or assisting in any way the arrest or removal of a fugitive slave.

Secondly—it prohibits under a like punishment any jailer or other officer aiding under the laws of this State, imprisoning in the jail or any other place a fugitive slave. Thirdly—it inflicts the same punishment

upon any person who shall in any way procure any person to go out of the State with the intent of enslaving such person.

It is just such a law as is needed on the subject. We are under no Constitutional obligation, in any way, to help to sustain slavery, and every principle of philanthropy and religion forbids our doing so. Let slave masters be their own negro catchers. A citizen of Ohio who will in any way aid them is not fit to walk in the light, but should be shut up in the Penitentiary or the Insane Hospital.—*True Dem.*

#### PHONOGRAPHIC MEETING.

A meeting of the Salem Phonographic Society will be held at "Liberty Hall" on Saturday, the 15th, at 4 o'clock, P. M.  
Jos. SMITH, Sec.

#### TO THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR COLORED ORPHANS.

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble." In 1844 an Asylum was started at Cincinnati, for the poor colored Orphans of Ohio, by Mrs. Mott, Mrs. Judge McLean, and others. They purchased a large building for \$1000, which is paid, except \$100. The house needs repairing to the amount of \$400 to make it comfortable and convenient for the reception of one hundred children, who will be received if the means of support for them, can be obtained.

The Asylum was chartered in 1845. It has nine faithful Trustees and other necessary Directors only. Some of whom, Judge Bellamy Storer says, "I am personally acquainted with, and they have my perfect confidence, and from the mode in which the Institution is managed, I have no doubt, that any contributions the agent may receive from the friends of the colored people, will be faithfully and judiciously applied. And S. P. Chase, Esq., says, "I know the Institution to be every way worthy of aid."

There are only fifteen children in the Asylum at present, and the reason for this small number is, the want of means to take care of a greater. The Institution has never received any foreign help but \$100 from Philadelphia. It is for you, friends of God and his poor, to say whether the Trustees shall have what is needed to carry on this great and good work. The Trustees ask you, "Shall we have one spot of earth—one house, where our poor and destitute may find relief, and shelter from the storm?" Who will say, yes! Hear what the True Democrat of the 2d of Oct. says, "We trust that those who are called upon to give, will remember that our beautiful republican laws do not extend the same blessing to colored children as white; hence if they are educated at all, it has to be accomplished by their own perseverance against deep rooted prejudice, and with what little they may obtain from benevolent friends," and the Oberlin Evangelist of the 13th of Oct., speaks as follows:—"The poor colored Orphans of Ohio, appeal to the philanthropists and christians of our country for aid. State patronage benefits all other orphans, but passes by these on the other side. Other institutions for the blind, deaf, and dumb, for the insane, find friends and patrons. Shall this alone—establish for a class not less helpless and desolate than they, appeal to the friends of bleeding humanity in vain? Who so affectingly dependent on humane charity as they whom public sentiment cramps with disabilities and loads down with obloquy—for whom legislative care provides no instruction in their youth, and no succor in their poverty and sickness!"

Such a class as this, existing in a christian land, must of course rest their cause on an appeal to the hearts of christian and philanthropic men and women throughout the country. Shall it be in vain? We repeat it, SHALL IT BE IN VAIN? God repeat it, SHALL IT BE IN VAIN? It should be in vain, it will be regretted, when Jesus shall say, "As much as ye did it not unto me, of the least of these, ye did it not unto me."

WM. P. NEWMAN, Agent.

P. S.—Money, provisions, articles of clothing, bedding, &c., will be thankfully received and may be sent to the Agent. Oberlin, Lorain co., O.

#### Books for the People.

Just received at the Salem Book-Store, Human Rights, and their Political guarantees, by E. P. Hurlbut.

Woman, her Education and Influence, by Mrs. Hugo Reid, with notes by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland.

The Philosophy of Mesmerism.

Book of the Teeth.

Book of the Feet.

Combe's & Fowler's Phrenological and Physiological works, &c., &c.

#### A GREAT VARIETY

Of Juveniles, selected with great care.

All the standard "Water-Cure" works. Phrenetic Works—all that are published in the United States.

A variety of School, Classical, Scientific, and Miscellaneous Books.

Blank Books, Slates and Stationery of all descriptions.

All offered on the most favorable terms.

by D. L. GALBREATH.

Salem, Jan. 4th, 1848.

#### FONOGRAPHI AND FONOPI.

WM. C. ALEXANDER would respectfully announce to the citizens of Northern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania, that he intends spending some time in teaching the above sciences, and those wishing to obtain a correct and practical knowledge of them can obtain his services on the following terms.

He will visit any town and give a course of twelve lessons to a class of any number for \$30 dollars and his board during the time of teaching. Or a course of five lessons (which will give a knowledge of the elementary principles of the science and enable those attending to equipt themselves the course without any further assistance from a teacher) will be given for \$15.

Teachers of academies and other institutions of learning will find it to their advantage to have it introduced into their schools as early as possible.

All communications addressed to him at Columbiana, Col., county, Ohio, will receive prompt attention.

Columbiana, Sept. 4, 1847. 6m



## POETRY.

### The Dreamer.

A dreamer sat in an old arm chair,  
At the close of a summer day;  
Last night he had dreamed the evening air,  
And undisturbed by a single care,  
Happily dreaming away.

He was dreaming over the mighty deeds  
That he fancied he should do;  
Of many a harvest was sowing the seeds—  
Keeping them clear from all noxious weeds—  
Like a workman good and true.

He dream'd that the world was all upside  
down,  
While himself was right side up;  
And scratching awhile on his sapient crown  
He thought he had caught an idea of his  
own—  
Sufficient the world to prop.

At first he took hold of the temperance cause,  
With the zeal of an ancient knight;  
He held a foundation of stringent laws,  
Warranted free from all cracks and flaws—  
Working away with his might.

And then he was riding the land reform,  
Working right manfully;  
Fearlessly facing the gathering storm,  
And nobly braving the lashing scorn—  
Resolved to conquer or die.

Then he was pleading the cause of the slave,  
Striving his fetters to break;  
None of his substance so willingly gave—  
None so truly and fearlessly brave—  
All for humanity's sake.

None were so valiant, of those who fought  
Neath the banner of Truth and Right;  
None such wonderful changes wrought,  
Counting the trials and the dangers fought—  
Keeping his armour bright.

But still the world moved on as of old,  
While he was dreaming away;  
Men and women were bought and sold,  
Love and happiness bartered for gold,  
And home, for the lawyer's fee.

The world is full of such dreaming things,  
Who would be men if they could;  
Bowing and cringing to would-be kings,  
Quietly walking in leading strings—  
Along in the ancient road.

O, for men who are willing to do—  
To work with hand and head,  
With hearts to the suffering millions true,  
Unmoved by the frowns of the lordly few,  
By the toiling millions red.

Packman, O.

### The Land of Dreams.

From every that open on earth no more—  
One warning word from a voice once dear—  
How they rise in the memory's o'er and o'er!

Far off from those hills that shine with day,  
And fields that bloom in the heavenly  
gates,  
How they rise in the memory's o'er and o'er!

The Land of dreams goes stretching away,  
The dinner mountains and darker vales.

There lie in the chamber of guilty delight,  
There walk the spectres of guilty fear,  
And soft low voices that float through the  
night,  
And whispering sin in the helpless ear.

Dear maids, in thy girlhood's opening flower,  
Scarcely weaned from the love of childish  
play!  
The tears on whose cheeks are but the show-  
er,  
That freshens the early bloom of May!

Thine eyes are closed, and over thy brow  
Pass thoughtful shadows and joyous  
gleams,  
And I know, by the moving lips, that now  
Thy spirit strays in the Land of Dreams.

Light-hearted maiden, oh, heed thy feet!  
Oh keep where that beam of Paradise falls;  
And only wander where thou may'st meet  
The blessed ones from its shining walls.

So shalt thou come from the Land of Dreams,  
With love and peace, to this land of strife;  
And the light that over that border streams  
Shall lie on the path of thy daily life.

Faith.

BY R. B. A. ANDERSON.

A swallow in the spring  
Came to our country, and 'neath the eaves  
Esayed to make her nest, and there did bring  
Wet earth and leaves.

Day after day she toiled,  
With patient art, but ere her work was crown-  
ed,  
Some misadventure the tiny fabric spalled,  
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought:  
Yet not cast down, forth from her place she  
flow,  
And with her mate, fresh earth and grasses  
brought,  
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed  
The last soft feather on its ample floor,  
When wicked wind, or chance again laid  
waste,  
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,  
And toiled again, and last night, hearing calls,  
I looked, and lo! three little swallows slept  
Within the earth-made walls!

What truth is here, O MIST!  
Hath more been written in its early dawn?  
Hath clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust or plan?  
Have rain, and struggle on!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### The Pocket Book.

"There be the coach, Betty, a coming  
down the Redway Hill yonder," said one of  
the group that had assembled in front of the  
Green Dragon, the only public house in the  
little village of Grassdale. There was no  
mistaking the purport of the assemblage—a  
box neatly packed in canvas, a gigantic um-  
brella carefully patched and darned, a pair  
of patterned secured in the cordage of the box  
by a piece of tape, plainly told that one of  
the party was about to take a journey,  
and that the others had met to say "good  
bye" to the traveler. The object of this  
friendly solicitude was Betty Morrison—kind  
and gentle Betty Morrison—who, for the first  
time in her life, was about to leave her  
native village for no less a place than London.

It was a hard task for Betty to part from her  
old and loved mother, but she excused from a  
sense of duty and a strong undeniable hope,  
that the sacrifice she was making would  
somehow tend to the happiness of the be-  
loved mother of her being. Until the present  
moment the lot of Betty Morrison had been a  
happy one. She had been born the child  
of parents who had no other inheritance than  
their labor and their cheerful hearts, and who  
early taught their child to contentedly do  
her duty in that state of life to which it had  
pleased God to call her. When her father  
died, Mrs. Hartley, the coachman's wife, who  
took Betty to live with her and under the  
tutelage of that beautiful woman—too poor to  
be idle, and too good to be proud—Betty be-  
came the best servant in the country. She  
was taught to read and write, and so highly  
were her requirements and goodness estimat-  
ed, that she became the friend and confidant  
of the young girls in the village. There  
was three-and-twenty when the coachman died,  
and his widow was violently compelled to  
seek a home in the house of a near relative.  
The separation of mistress and maid was a  
sad one indeed, although the good woman  
had exerted herself so earnestly with some  
friends in the metropolis, that Betty had ob-  
tained a service in London at £7 per year—a  
sum which seemed to the ears of the honest  
rustics of Grassdale as the certain vestige  
of a fortune. It was to realize this golden  
dream that Betty Morrison was await-  
ing the arrival of the old "blue" coach, to  
London. As the rattles of the wheels became  
audible, the poor old widow took her child's  
hand between her own, and looking for a mo-  
ment steadfastly into her darling face, burst  
into tears and sobbed aloud.

"Don't mother—don't cry," said Betty, almost  
choked by her own emotion. "I'm go-  
ing for my own good—I'm sure I am. A  
year or two's hard work, and then I shall  
come back to you with so much money that  
we shall be puzzled to spend it."

"But there has never been any home  
before, Betty," sobbed her mother, and Lon-  
don—a matter of a hundred miles away; and  
how be I to know if you be as well and hap-  
py, my child! These must I go, Betty—these  
must!"

"Fie, mother," and the poor girl tried to  
smile, "why my poor mother would think  
I had grown lazy and ungrateful, now that  
she had been to all the trouble to get me a  
place, mother. Can't I write to you when-  
ever the wagon comes to town? besides I  
mean to put down in the pocket book that  
Mary Green gave to me, what happens every  
day, so that when I come home again, (the  
years would have way) I may when I come  
home again, I can sit in the dear, dear old  
angle of my night, or in the wifely arm of  
the man when it is summer, and read you  
all I have thought and done. It will be  
like living the time over again with you,  
mother."

"The coach stopped—a dozen ready hands  
seized Betty's box—as many were thrust out  
to clasp her hand.

"It is getting frosty, Betty," said Mrs.  
Dove, the landlady of the Green Dragon—  
"thee'd better take this old wittle to  
wrap round thee; thee canst send it back by  
wagon."

"Aye, dame, so she can; thee can send it  
back in this basket, where thee'd find a bit  
and a sup; and thee'll want both afore thee  
gets to London," chimed in Mr. Dove.—  
"God bless the lass; mind how thee gets up!"

"I've putten a whisp of straw at your feet,  
Betty," said Will Osler.

"Thee'll take care of her, Mr. Guard,"  
cried the widow, as the coachman gathered  
up his horse. "Good-bye, God keep thee  
from harm, Betty." And not one that heard  
the mother's prayer but breathed a fervent  
Amen.

On the evening of December 19th, 1815,  
Betty Morrison arrived at the house of her  
new master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Bur-  
zard. We shall let Betty tell her own im-  
pression of the modern Babylon; but before  
doing so it is necessary, for our purpose, that  
the reader be made acquainted with certain  
facts and personages.

At the time of which we write, tradesmen  
were beginning to be genteel. The useful  
was rapidly giving way to the ornamental;  
and the silly desire of imitating the habits  
and manners of the "superior classes," as  
they are styled, which has placed so many  
worthy names in the Gazette, was making  
vast inroads on the peace of Billero nume-  
rous contented families. The Burzards had  
now been bitten; and although their present  
mode of living had involved at considerable  
increase of labor, Mrs. Burzard was gradu-  
ally withdrawing herself from the operative  
duties of housewifery. Mr. Burzard had  
been lately a frequent seceder of "Nightin-  
gales"—a friendly meeting to which he had  
been attracted ere since his indentures, had  
expired. Rumor were that he had been seen  
in the dress boxes of Drury Lane and  
some malicious fellow declared that he had  
heard Burzard make use of every improper  
language, as to the ultimate destination of  
country dances.

At length the Burzards openly declared

their accession from the vulgar world. The  
back parlor was thrown into the shop; the  
first floor windows were draped with hang-  
ings of crimson moiré trimmed with yellow  
worsted, and the private door was bedizen-  
ed with a large brass plate, on which was in-  
scribed: Mr.—yes! Mr. B. Burzard. These  
innovations were very properly resented by  
the whole street in which Mr. Burzard car-  
ried on his trade of pinmaking, and Mr. and  
Mrs. Burzard were not only cut but quizzed  
most unmercifully.

The only one who offered by the conduct  
of Burzard himself, was his next  
door neighbor, Mr. Scott, a very industrious  
and sober tradesman. He had a small trade,  
which was gradually increasing by his in-  
dustry and attention; but the cause of his  
prosperity prevented him from forming any  
thing like a social connection, and almost his  
only friendly acquaintance was neighbor Bur-  
zard.

Alas! their pleasant gossip in the street  
doors were becoming few and far between.  
Weeks had passed and Burzard had never  
popped in for a pinch of snuff as he used to  
do. In fact, Mrs. Burzard had pronounced  
saddening ungentle, and Mr. Scott was  
scratched accordingly. The honest saddler  
took this somewhat to heart at first, but soon  
ceased to think of Burzard but as one  
whose wisdom was very questionable.

Mr. Scott's household consisted of his  
aged mother, and one of those domestic nu-  
merous usually designated a "day of a girl."  
This old lady, who supplied the place  
of a better girl, but as the time stole on  
she frequently urged her son to look about  
him for a helpmate to supply her place when  
age and infirmities should make her only a  
burden to him. The saddler would readily  
have obeyed his mother's wishes, but he had  
authentic news with which he thought  
he could share the ups and downs of life  
but that was either too wealthy, or too great!

Matters were in this state when the porter  
of Mr. Burzard's, the silversmith, was seen to  
enter Mr. B. Burzard's house with a some-  
what bulky parcel, and to return without it.  
Mr. B. Burzard had certainly been buying  
plate, and this important news was soon com-  
municated to every inhabitant of the street.  
Nor were Mr. Burzard's honest neighbors  
the only persons acquainted with the circum-  
stances—for one fine night in June, the whole  
population of the street were roused from  
their slumber by the din of rattles and  
clashes of "saw" and "file," which proceeded  
from the united lungs of the pin maker and  
his wife.

The echoes of fifty windows were thrown  
up in an instant, and a hundred heads at  
least were peering therefrom in the hope of  
catching a glimpse of the thieves. Their en-  
deavor, however, was doomed to be baffled,  
for the burglars succeeded in effecting their  
escape over the walls at the back of the house,  
carrying with them all Mr. B. Burzard's new-  
ly purchased jewelry and, alas! Betty Mor-  
rison's pocket book.

In the morning, the intelligence of the pin-  
maker's loss flew from door step to door step  
up and down the street, like an ignited por-  
cupine; and there is no doubt that had ju-  
ry of Mr. Burzard's neighbors been empan-  
nelled, to try the robbery, the verdict would  
have been "justifiable burglary"—so very unpopu-  
lar to Mr. B. become.

A fortnight after the robbery, David Scott  
was engaged in sweeping the little yard at  
the back of his house, when he thought he  
saw something red beneath the water but.

Upon closer examination, he was surprised  
to find a pocket book. On the fly-leaf was  
written "Betty Morrison, the gift of her dear  
friend, Mary Green." Now as Mr. Bur-  
zard, in his narrative of the robbery had nev-  
er alluded to the loss which poor Betty had  
sustained, (for the pocket book, containing  
neither bank notes or bills of exchange, he  
had very sagely considered to be of no value),  
David Scott innocently believed himself at  
perfect liberty to inspect the contents of the  
wallet which he had discovered, never think-  
ing it had any thing to do with the "Great  
Burglary"—as the advertisements  
in the Hue and Cry were headed.

It was after a frugal supper, during which  
old Mrs. Scott had recurred to her now daily  
theme, viz: the positive necessity of her son  
taking unto himself a helpmate, that the sad-  
dler produced the prize, which he had found.  
On inspecting the pockets of the book he  
found a few dried rose leaves, and a little  
piece of paper enclosing a lock of grey  
and brown hair. On the paper was written  
"Poor dear father's!" The saddler replaced  
the little mementoes with a feeling of rever-  
ence, and then restored the faded rose  
leaves, believing them to be treasured relics  
also.

He turned over a few pages of the book  
and found the following, written in the same  
hand as the inscription on the little piece of  
paper:

DECEMBER 13, 1815.

I promised you, dear Mother, that I would  
put down what I did and thought every day,  
so I begin at once to tell you what I think  
of London—it is such a large place! First  
of all I must tell you how I got on my jour-  
ney—the day was very cold, surely, but with  
good Mrs. Dove's wittle, and the straw that  
Will laid for me, (I thank him for it now,  
and will again when I come home), I got on  
bravely. Mr. Dove's basket did help me  
much, for though I could not eat a great deal,  
yet the brandy and water I gave to the guards,  
who lent me a great coat, I do think, in re-  
turn—and now for London. When we got  
to the inn yard it was quite night, but then  
there was so many lamps in the street, that  
it was almost as light as day. Then such a  
many coaches, and carts, and people, that I  
grew quite dizzy and sick. After a while,  
however, I seemed to get used to it, and then  
I saw nothing but houses and houses which-  
ever way I looked. I got frightened a little,  
but the guard was very kind, and sent a wo-  
man in that knew how to show me my new place—  
When I knocked at the door I confess my  
heart seemed to sink within me. I wonder-  
ed all at once what kind of people my mas-  
ter and mistress would be but then I thought  
God would take care of me, until this time,  
and I had an right to fear.

"Good night," interrupted Mrs. Scott.  
"I suppose I may read on?" said the sad-  
dler.

"By all means," replied his mother. "I  
feel as though I were listening to your poor  
sister Jenny, David."

The saddler resumed:

"When I was shown up stairs to my mis-  
tress, for though they are tradespeople they  
always live up stairs."

"Just like the Burzards," said Mrs.  
Scott.

"My mistress asked me my name, and how

old I was, and whether I was an early riser,  
and hoped I had no one I knew in London.  
She then told me to go down into the kitchen  
until she rang the bell for me. The boy  
who had showed me up, lighted me into the  
kitchen, where he pointed to a large box, and  
said, "That's where you sleep," and then he  
left me alone. It was very cold, and I could  
not help crying a little, but I thought I was  
going to work for your dear mother, and  
when I got rich, to come home and make you  
happy."

"Rather prosy," said the saddler, turning  
over three or four pages of the book.

"Never mind, go on," replied Mrs. Scott.  
"I like it all the better. I can understand it."

"I have now been here a week—I work  
pretty hard—I have to do everything myself,  
except to clean the boots and knives. Some-  
times I get tired, for mistress is very fond  
of ringing the bell, and it is a long way from  
the kitchen to the drawing room."

"How like Mrs. Burzard," said Mrs.  
Scott.

"However, I work very cheerful, and  
whenever I get low spirited, I think this will  
do to talk about, and laugh at, when I come  
home. My mistress will not call me Betty—  
but Morrison; she says Morrison is more  
genteel."

The saddler turned over another page or  
two.

"CHRISTMAS DAY—I had dressed up my  
kitchen with holly, as I used to do at the pre-  
sented, but mistress happened to be coming  
to the kitchen, made me pull it all down, as  
she said it was vulgar now-a-days."

"I begin to think that it must be Mrs. Bur-  
zard, too," said the saddler.

"Mistress and mistress went out to dinner—  
I could hardly believe that it was Christmas  
day. I sat down by the fire when I had done  
my work, and thought how all the folks at  
Grassdale were making merry, whilst I was  
all alone, in a London kitchen, without one  
soul to speak to, I had such a cry, mother—  
and then I was so angry with myself. I  
knelt down and prayed (not to let me be-  
come ungrateful and discontented; then I got  
my bible, the one that dear old master gave  
me, and then I read a great deal, until I  
never felt so happy in my life."

"David," said Mrs. Scott, "whoever did  
that wouldn't make a bad wife?"

"If I were a wife," said the saddler, turned  
several of the leaves without knowing what  
he was doing.

"March 11—I have offended my mistress  
very much, but I am sure I have done right.  
We were to have a grand party on the 11th,  
and mistress has been busy making jellies  
and sweet things, but all the time she has  
been going in a flurry because any body should  
see her. This morning a knock came at the  
door, and she said to me—Morrison, say I  
am out, whoever it is." "But I shall be  
going to a friend's," I answered—"had I not  
better say you're busy?" "Oh, how angry she  
was with me. Is it not strange that mistress  
should wish me to say that which was not  
true? She would be angry, and quite right,  
did I tell her a lie. I must pray God to lead  
me not into temptation."

"March 20—Mistress is still very sulky,  
but I would rather offend her than do wrong.  
They have been out a great deal lately, and  
I have had to sit up very late, and by myself.  
London is a very lonely place, but I do not  
complain—I get more time to read my bible,  
and to write down these things to talk over  
when I come home."

"She seems very fond of her home," re-  
marked the saddler.

"And I dare say it is a very poor one," said  
his mother. "She wouldn't neglect a better,  
I'll be bound."

"Do you think she is the —," here  
David paused.

"Who?" inquired his mother.

"The pleasant looking girl at Burzard's."

"I shouldn't wonder," exclaimed Mrs.  
Scott. "I'll ask at once."

"No, mother," said the saddler. "I think  
—I think I'll do that myself," and he left the  
room. When the saddler got into his shop  
he paused to take another peep in Betty Mor-  
rison's pocket book, and read—

"Mistress is very cross and unkind to me,  
I will bear it all. Oh, what could I not suf-  
fer for any one that I loved as dearly as I do  
you, mother."

The saddler gave a short cough, and pro-  
ceeded at once to the house of his neighbor  
Burzard.

When Betty opened the door, David Scott  
felt as though he had some great words in his  
throat which were choking him, but when he  
showed Betty the pocket book, and saw the  
joy dancing amid the tears in her eyes, the  
saddler thought that the difficulty of choosing  
a wife was not so great as he had imagined  
at one time.

The poor girl thanked him again and again  
for restoring her lost treasure. "Not," she  
said, "that it was worth any thing, sir, but  
it was given to me by a very dear friend, and  
—and my dear mother at home, looks forward  
to that book to know, to know—"

"How good a daughter she has in Lon-  
don," said the saddler, and then, as fearing  
to trust himself further, he hurried "good  
day," and rushed back into his own shop.

After this interview—it seems very surpris-  
ing—but Betty was continually meeting Mr.  
Scott. If she went on an errand, Mr. Scott  
always contrived to say, "How do you do?"  
or give her a nod and smile. If she went to  
church, which she always did when she could  
obtain permission from her mistress, Mr.  
Scott was sure to overtake her, or meet her  
on her way, and then he would go to church  
too.

Can you guess what all this led to? If  
you cannot, read the following extract from  
Betty's pocket book:

"July 31—Mr. Scott has written me such  
a kind letter. I have answered it, by telling  
him that I must consult my dear mother and  
Mrs. Hartley. Mr. Scott says his mother  
would like me to come to tea. Mr. Scott  
says he is about my age. Mr. Scott is very  
good to his work-people. I hear, Mr. Scott—  
Oh, dear, what am I writing about!"

"Reader, you are now as much in Betty's  
secret as we are, so the sooner we come to  
the end of the letter. One Sunday morning at  
the close of September, the congregation as-  
sembled in the parish church of Grassdale  
was thrown into a state of pleasurable excite-  
ment by Mr. Gravely, the clergyman, reading  
as follows:

"I publish the bonds of marriage between  
David Scott, of the parish of St. —, Lon-  
don, and Elizabeth Morrison, of this parish,  
do, &c., &c., and within a month afterwards, the  
bells of Grassdale Church rung out their  
bridal peal.

"And that was the end! David Scott had  
listened to his mother's counsel; and from  
what he had read of Betty's thoughts and ac-

tions—things chronicled to meet no other eyes  
but her own and those of her dear mother—  
the honest saddler had resolved to share his  
fortunes with her. Many after years of suc-  
cess proved how wisely he had chosen, and  
again and again he blessed the day that  
he found Betty Morrison's pocket book.

## Scraps of Curious Information.

Gold has been beaten so thin that one  
ounce which in a cubic foot covers about  
five-eighths of an inch, will cover one hun-  
dred and forty-six square feet. The thread  
of the silk-worm is about the two-thousandth  
part of an inch in diameter. The fibre of  
wool varies from the seven-hundredth to the  
two-thousandth of an inch. The fibre of flax  
is the two thousand five-hundredth of an  
inch. The fibre of cotton the one-thousandth  
of an inch, and the fibre of the pineapple va-  
ries from the five-thousandth to seven-thou-  
sandth part of an inch in diameter.

A glass tube can be drawn out to the fine-  
ness of silk, and liquids made to pass through  
it afterwards.

Archimedes said, that if he had a place  
whereon to rest the fulcrum of a lever he  
could move the earth. This was undoubt-  
edly correct, but if he used a power of 30 lbs.  
at the end of the lever, he would have to  
work ten hours a day, for 8,775,994,580,767  
centuries to move the earth one inch.

If we suppose the density of the earth to be  
five thousand two hundred and forty, (the  
density of water), the sun would be as heavy  
as Mercury as fluid quicksilver, Venus as  
zinc; Mars as diamond; Jupiter as milk;  
(would his moon be green cheese? Saturn  
as the first and last Herschel's amber.)

There are two thousand five hundred  
known species of fish; forty-four thousand  
of insects; seven hundred of reptiles; four  
thousand of birds; and five thousand of ma-  
malian animals.

The human hair is composed of carbonate  
of ammonia, water, gas, coal, silver, sul-  
phur, oil, iron, lime, and manganese!

There are two hundred and ninety-two  
species of bees. A honey comb a foot square  
contains about nine thousand cells. A single  
female house fly produces twenty million  
eighty thousand three hundred and twenty!  
(No wonder that we are so much  
annoyed by flies.)

The sun flower produces four thousand  
seeds. Wild ducks fly ninety miles an hour.  
The cocoa nut tree supplies the natives of the  
country in which it grows with bread, wa-  
ter, wine, vinegar, brandy, milk, oil, honey,  
sugar, molasses, thread, clothes, cups, spoons,  
baskets, paper, money for ships, sails,  
cordage, nails, covering for their houses, &c.  
&c.!

The Bamboo cane is used in the East In-  
dian for building houses and bridges, and for  
making cups, mats, pipes, boxes, cloth, cor-  
dage, and cables. In China it is used for  
making chairs, tables, beds, bedding,  
and paper; and in the West Indies its ten-  
der shoots are pickled for the table.

The Elm tree is full grown in one hundred  
and fifty years, but lives from five to six  
hundred years. The Oak is full grown in  
200 years. The Ash is full grown in  
an oak in three years grows 2 feet 10 inches;  
the Elm 3 feet 3 inches; the Beech 1 foot 5  
inches; the Poplar 6 feet and the Willow  
2 feet 2 inches.—S. F. Gee.

Innocence ceases to be a virtue; most of  
the great ones are fallen therefrom. But if  
thou demandest what must be done to recov-  
er this virtue, I answer, that it is necessary  
to conquer thyself. If all mortals could do  
one day gain over themselves this happy vic-  
tory, the whole universe would, from that  
very day, assume a new form: we should all  
be perfect; we should all be innocent. It is  
true, the victory is difficult; but it is not im-  
possible; for, in short, to conquer thyself, is  
only to do what is agreeable to reason. Turn  
away wine eyes, stop thine ears, put a bridle  
upon thy tongue, and rather remain in eter-  
nal inaction, than employ thine eyes in be-  
holding sights by which reason is stifled—  
than give attention thereto, or discourse  
thereon. Behold how thou mayest overcome!  
the victory depends on thyself alone.

The wise man must learn to know the  
heart of man; to the end that, taking every  
one according to his own inclination, he may  
not labor in vain when he shall discourse to  
him of virtue. All men ought not to be in-  
structed after the same way: there are diverse  
paths that lead to virtue; the wise man  
should be ignorant of none of them.

It is easy to obey the wise, he commands  
nothing impossible; but it is hard to direct  
him from his purpose. That which often-  
times rejects others catches him to sigh, and  
forces torrents of tears from his eyes.

The wise man has no sooner cast his eyes  
upon a good man, but he endeavors to imi-  
tate his virtue; but the same wise man has  
no sooner fixed his sight upon a man given  
up to his vices, but, mistrusting himself, he  
interrogates himself in a trembling manner, if  
he be not like that man.

A long experience is required to know the  
heart of man. I imagined, when I was  
young, that all men were sincere; that they  
all practiced what they said; in a word, that  
their mouth always agreed with their heart;  
but now I behold things with another eye, I  
am convinced that I was mistaken. At pre-  
sent I hear what men say, but I never rely  
thereon; I will examine whether their words  
are agreeable to their actions.

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